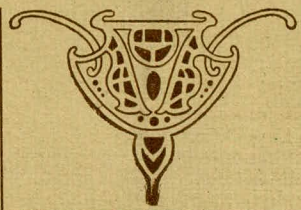


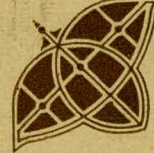
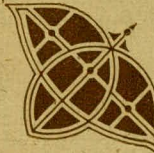


THE MAROON

JANUARY, 1909



Published by the
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Tacoma, Washington



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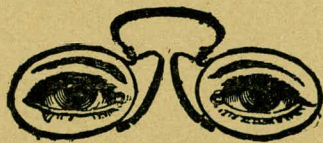
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Forty pages and Cover. Price 25 Cents.

THIS little book was primarily intended to aid people from the inland states, who are not familiar with the sea foods of the Pacific coast. Of the one hundred and seventy-three recipes in the book sixty-seven are for the preparation of various kinds of fish, clams, crabs, shrimp, oysters, etc., most desirable for use. The other one hundred and six are made up of the very choicest that could be selected for the various departments. Every one has been thoroly tested by competent cooks and proven to be right.

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Excellent recipes. Artistically printed.

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Tacoma, Wn.

Say! *I am going to the Basket
Ball Games on the fol-
lowing dates:*

Jan. 15. U. P. S. at Whitworth
Jan. 25. T. H. S. at U. P. S.
Feb. 6. Y. M. C. A. at U. P. S.
Feb. 4. U. P. S. at Aberdeen
Feb. 5. U. P. S. at Hoquiam
Feb. 13. Whitworth at U. P. S.
Feb. 19. U. P. S. at T. H. S.
Mar. 6. P. L. A. at U. P. S.
Mar. 13. U. P. S. at P. L. A.
Apr. 3. U. P. S. at Y. M. C. A.

Are You?

THE MAROON.

Entered as second-class matter January 24, 1906, at the Post Office at Tacoma, Washington, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Volume VI

Tacoma, Washington, January, 1909

Number 4

The Sublimity of the Bible

THE Bible is not only the revealer of the unknown God to man, but it is also God's grand interpreter of the God of Nature. In revealing God, it has given us the clew by which to thread the labyrinth of the universe, the glass through which to look from nature to nature's God.

It is only when we stand and gaze upon nature, with the Bible in our hand, and its idea of God in our understanding, that nature is capable of rising to her highest majesty and kindling in our souls the highest emotions of moral beauty and sublimity. Without the all-pervading spiritual God of the Bible in our thoughts, nature's sweetest music would lose its charm, the universe its highest significance and glory.

Go, stand with your open Bible upon the Areopagus of Athens, where Paul stood so long ago! In thoughtful silence, look around upon the site of all that ancient greatness; look upward to those still glorious skies of Greece, and what conceptions of wisdom and power will all those

memorable scenes of nature and art convey to your mind, now, more than they did to the ancient worshipper of Jupiter or Apollo? They will tell of Him who made the worlds, "by whom, and through whom, and for whom, are all things."

To you, that landscape of exceeding beauty, so rich in the monuments of departed genius, with its distant classic mountains, its deep blue sea, and its bright bending skies will be telling a tale of glory the Grecian never learned; for it will speak to you no more of its thirty thousand petty contending deities, but of the one living, everlasting and almighty God.

Go, stand with David and Isaiah under the star-spangled canopy of the night; and, as you look away to the "range of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres wheeling unshaken through the void immense," take up the mighty question of inspiration!

Go, stand upon the heights at Niagara, and listen in awe-struck silence to that boldest, most earnest, and eloquent of all nature's orators!

And what is Niagara, with its plunging waters and mighty roar, but the oracle of God, the whisper of His voice who is revealed in the Bible as sitting above the water-floods forever?

Go, once more, and stand with Coleridge at sunrise, in the Alpine Valley of Chamouni; join with him in that magnificent invocation to the hoary mount, "sole sovereign of the vale," to rise,

"and tell the silent sky,

And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,

Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God."

Who can stand amid scenes like these, with the Bible in his hand, and not feel that if there is moral sublimity to be found on earth, it is in the Book of God, it is in the thoughts of God? For what are all these outward, visible forms of grandeur but the expression and the utterance of that conception of Deity which the Bible has created in our minds, and which has now become the leading and largest thought of all nations?

F. F. P.



A FRESHIE'S FIRST ATTEMPT

SAY! were you ever out to Puyallup? Well, I was; I just came over from Puyallup. I was there longer than I had intended to stay, but do you know the Chief of Police and the Mayor just insisted on my staying.

That is a great town—Puyallup. The other night while I was there, somebody broke into the police station and stole the captain's watch and chain, and the next day the fire station burned down. The "Puyallup News" came out the following day and said the loss was entirely due to the condition of the firemen's hose, and that night every woman in town sat up and mended her husband's socks.

I spent all my money in Puyallup and wore out my clothes, but when I started up here a farmer along the way gave me a hat and a pair of

trousers with two diamond-shaped patches on them, and when I started away he said I looked like the deuce of diamonds.

I stopped at another ranch along the way, and as the dog didn't come out, I went right up and knocked at the door. A big, comfortable woman came to the door. She must have had lantern-jaws because every time she spoke her face lighted up. I said: "Madam, have you anything for a hungry man to eat?" "Yes," she said, "and he will be home at six o'clock to eat it. Sic 'em, Tray."

I remembered what the farmer said about my deuce of diamonds. I thought, now if I lead off with the deuce, the Tray will follow suit, so I back-peddled for the fence. I could hear the Tray coming. I could hear his pants. A moment later I could hear mine, as we both went over the fence.

ELIZABETH EWING.

My First Day of Schoolteaching

TO say that I was "green" at that particular kind of work expresses my case exactly. I had just graduated from the Academy in June, and after taking the fall examinations I had had no opportunity of visiting a country school and had never attended one, so I hardly knew what was expected of me. I did not get this place until after Christmas when the primary teacher left. (There were two rooms in the building.) Consequently on the Monday morning after the holidays I found myself at 8:30 a. m. seated at the teacher's desk planning what to do first.

Soon the children began to come in one by one to deposit their lunch pails and wraps at the back of the room, for we had no cloak room. Some of the pupils (especially the girls) smiled at me and answered my greeting, some of them answered without a smile, and some smiled without an answer. It wasn't long, however, until my desk was surrounded with friendly, questioning boys and girls, some of them from the higher room. I began to think my first term was going to start off real smoothly. But, alas!

When the bell rang, part of them took their seats noisily, while the others did not heed the call at all, and had to be reminded that it was time to be seated and to get quiet.

I asked them what they would like to sing, and then—well if I hadn't

known where I was I might have thought that I had accidentally gotten into a home of chattering monkeys. When a song was finally decided upon, it was started by four or five persons at the same time and in as many different keys. Before the singing period of ten minutes was over I didn't know whether to dismiss them for the day or take them through some rather strenuous exercises.

Then it took me all of five minutes to each class in finding out the last assignment of their lesson. Each pupil thought he could explain it more clearly than his neighbor, and that it was his duty to interrupt and give his own version of the matter. The third grade were not at all satisfied as to the final assignment of their reading lesson, as it was a review, and they did not hesitate to say so.

I had about the same ordeal to go through with the second grade. I believe it was worse, if possible, because a few of the third grade seemed to know where the second grade reading lesson ought to be, and they seemed to think that the younger folks were not capable of telling it themselves, and must be helped, but the second graders disagreed with them.

The same thing occurred in the case of the first grade, except that here I had two higher classes to help (?) me.

I had always prided myself on my ability to control my nerves and also my capability in making my wants and wishes known. But I must confess I never felt so much like throwing down my book and screaming as I did at the end of that first hour. I followed my impulse as far as throwing down my book was concerned, but as it happened to be thrown on the desk the pupils did not realize the real state of my feelings. I had raised my hand, lifted my eyebrows, frowned and asked in vain for silence. Finally, although contrary to the rules of the modern disciplinarians, I commanded and demanded that every pupil put down his books, face the front and sit thus for five minutes. Then we went on with our work in this mood. It lasted until the middle of the next recitation when Johnnie asked for a drink, Annie for some paper, Fred for some help with his work, etc., all without raising their hands for permission to speak. Then Clara dropped her book, Oscar went to return something he had borrowed, etc., etc. We stopped all work again and took another lesson in absolute quiet; then proceeded with our work. And so we kept it up, stopping every so often for another lesson, the whole day, and in fact for two or three days. But the first day was the hardest and longest and at its close I could have done most any desperate thing.

FRANCES FRAME.

CONTRIBUTED BY

FRED PFLAUM.

Pat Murphy, arriving in New York without a cent in his pocket, attempted to ride on a street car, but not having a nickel was compelled to get off. Walking up the street a ways he found a purse that contained \$10.35.

"Now," says Pat, "I kin ride."

Mounting the next car he paid his fare out of the purse. To Pat's great amazement, the conductor called out "Anderson," and a man got up and went out. The conductor then called "Jefferson," and another man got off. The next was "McKinley," and still another got off. Then came the call "Jackson," and a lady got off—after which Pat said: "And why didn't he say Miss or Mrs. Jackson, as the case might have been? I'll ride until he calls me name."

Adams—Polk—Hubble; and to Pat's surprise Murphy was called, and so he got off—and while he was standing on the corner a woman approached him and asked:

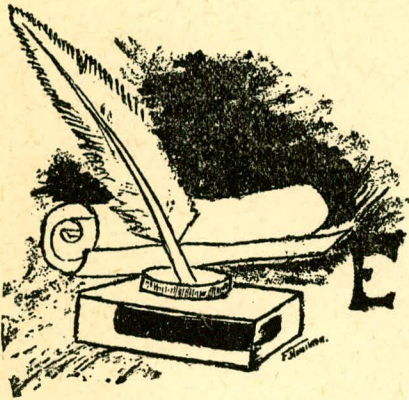
"Is this Murphy?"

"Sure it is," was Pat's reply.

"Could you tell me where I can find 1035," the lady asked.

Pat looked disappointed for a minute—then reaching in his pocket he produced the purse, handed it to the lady and said:

"Here it is, mum, and Oi've only spent a nickel of it."



EDITORIAL.

THE MAROON

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THE new year has gotten fairly under way; New Year's resolutions have been made and broken, and the world is moving on much as usual. Still, it is well even yet to glance back at the old year to learn lessons from its failures as well as its successes. Victories have been lost when seemingly almost within our grasp. We feel a natural regret that our school could not win first place in the various forensic and athletic contests in which she took part during the past year. Perhaps some of these defeats might have been

turned into glorious victories if some students, more than ordinarily capable, had given their time and service to the work in hand. The defence of the school honors was left to students whose only genius was a capacity for hard work, and where these failed to secure victory, they won an honorable defeat. While we are depressed with the thought of what might have been, there comes the feeling that, after all, we have not missed the things most worth while in student life. The unwavering support which the students have shown all through the past year to their representatives is worth more than can be readily estimated. At a football game with a rival institution, when things were decidedly against us, an outsider remarked that he would rather have his name known in connection with the U. P. S. than with the other institution because our students could take defeat. This feeling of sympathy and loyalty, even when things are unfavorable, is one of the distinguishing traits of our students, and speaks more than volumes of weighty argument, in behalf of the small college. With such undaunted pluck, our students are already assured of success in the truest sense.

Our attendance has shown a remarkable increase during the past calendar year and many students have registered since school reopened after the Christmas recess. We have especial cause for gratification in the fact that these new students are showing an aptitude for work and the ability to accomplish results. Although the year is fairly under way, it is not yet too late for the stragglers to pick up courage and make this year the best of their lives. Let us overcome our natural aversion to exertion and all work together for the good of our school.

The editor is in receipt of numerous criticisms of this publication. These are very welcome and we try

to profit by them. Some of them seem a trifle irrelevant, however. One well known student approached the editor with a complaint that he had noticed no editorial censuring the T. R. & P. because they have the transfer point between the Sixth Avenue and East P Street lines at Seventeenth and Jefferson. This fact no doubt was a real grievance to the boy in question, but it really makes but little difference to the majority of our students. We want to make this paper interesting, and with the help of you students we can do it, but please don't come around and ask us to publish a tirade against the street car company because they don't carry you as fast as you would like to go to see your best girl.



SOCIETY

On Monday evening, December 28, Prof. and Mrs. Glazier royally entertained the dormitory boys at their home, 2016 Sixth Avenue. At 8:15 17 boys and 6 girls gathered in the parlor, prettily decorated for the occasion with evergreens and holly. In the corner near the fireplace was an ideal Christmas tree well trimmed with candles and sparkling beauties and around the tree the visitors were seated to await the coming of old Santa.

Before Santa's arrival each one had to write something why Santa had not brought them more for Xmas. To listen to these was not only interesting but they were amusing

and witty as well. While we were listening to these we were informed by our hostess that Santa would soon arrive and so were invited back into the parlor to see him come down the fireplace. When all had been comfortably seated, the electric lights were put out and the candles on the tree lighted, old Santa appeared on the scene with his bag well loaded for those present. Santa was very good, bringing all something nice to remember the 28th of December, at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Glazier. At 11:30 Santa's departure was signaled and all jumped into his sleigh to be taken home. Those present were: Misses. Pinder, Grieves, Beightol, Amy and

Viola Powers and Ethel Foster; the gentlemen were: Messrs. Davis, Turner, Alonzo and Roy Messinger, Wickman, Walters, Freeman, Newby, Young, Eichelberger, Day, Cottrel, Moore, Ward, Green, Waldo and Grover Burford. G. S. B.

KAPPA SIGMA THETA.

The committee which was appointed to look into the matter of furnishing the Society Hall has conferred with the H. C. S. committee, and we are expecting to hold our meetings there as soon as the chairs are in. A stove and a piano have already been put in and the less necessary articles for making the room pleasant will be arranged for later.

A number of Theta and H. C. S. members spent a pleasant evening January 7th, at the home of Miss Lois Beil, previous to her departure for Boston, where she intends studying dramatic expression. Miss Beil was a popular Theta member and a graduate of oratory under Prof. Knox.

The Misses Mildred Edgerton, Ester Hatch and Eula Hart, honorary members of the Sorority, have returned to Pullman after spending vacation in Tacoma with their parents.

PHILOMATHEANS.

During December the Philomatheans produced some of their best programs, not waning in force as the old year neared its close. More "fire" is kindling and renewed vigor appears in the rendition of programs.

One of the latest peculiar feats in social lines was the "Philomathean Progressive Leap Year Christmas Party." Much "progress" was made in several lines and an unexcelled good time was enjoyed. The only regret being that the Philo girls won't have such another chance for four years.

On the evening of January 5th, 1909, the society held its regular election of officers. The following received the honors: Mr. William O. Pflaum, president; Mr. John Dupertuis, vice president; Miss Etta Sarr, secretary; Mr. Walters, treasurer; Mr. Brix, chaplain; Mr. Rutledge, sergeant-at-arms; Miss Edna Elder, pianist. Under the new regime we feel confident of maintaining our same standard of par excellence.

While this first semester found the society formed chiefly of new students, still the Philomatheans have not lost our or fallen short of their fixed standard. The new Philos were not slow to become imbued with "Philo Spirit," and all future prospects are particularly hopeful and bright.

The Philomatheans send best wishes for a bright, prosperous New Year to their fellow societies.

ALTRURIANS.

The work has been somewhat hindered on account of several members leaving school. Nevertheless we are working hard to make a good showing in coming debate and open programs. We hope soon to have our hall well furnished and decorated so that our open programs may be held there.

ATHLETICS

The present outlook in athletics at the U. P. S. for the coming winter seems more favorable than it has ever been. Coach Ward is wearing a smile that looks like Mt. Tacoma on a sunny spring morning, over the prospects, and reports "things are doing."

The principal feature of the winter's program will be the U. P. S.' long suit, basketball. A basketball league has been formed among the different colleges and associations of the city, which will be a great incentive to the lovers of such sport. A cup will be offered at the end of the season to the winning team. The U. P. S. should figure prominent and first in the securing of this, as heretofore she has never taken the back seat for anyone. Mr. Donaldson was elected secretary of the league.

So far the interest shown by the men in turning out to practice has been prime. In all there are about 15 men trying out for first team and a goodly number for second. There are many things this year which are more conducive toward encouraging the work than in the past. The addition of baths and lockers, the sealing of the gymnasium and equipment have added greatly to the most efficient work. What is needed most

of all is the heating of the building and we shall soon look forward to this.

Not only are the young men striving to put out an "A" number one team, but the young ladies as well. From all reports and showings our girls will put out a team that will take second to none.

To put out and maintain teams of high playing, one thing is imperative; that is, they "must have the whole" support of the student body and faculty. Is it not our just and right duty that when our teams play, a large delegation should always be at hand to do honor both to team and school?

On January 9, Friday afternoon, at 2:30, the first game of the season was played, but not a league game. It was between our first team and St. Martin's Academy, of Lacy, on our own floor. The game was a fast and exciting one from start to finish, but Coach Ward's men were too many for the visitors. Donaldson proved himself the mainstay of the U. P. S. bunch, and Calkins proved himself competent for his partner. Gordon did not come up to his usual style of playing, but proved himself more than a match for his opponent. Decker, Case and Burford played guards and prevented the forwards even from making a basket.

The U. P. S. quintet showed hard work and practice, but some criticism may be made for too much individual and too little team work. The visitors were handicapped in not being used to a large floor, and depended a great deal on short passing. The score: First half, 27 to 4; second half, 22 to 4; final score, 49 to 8. The line-up:

U. P. S.	St. Martin's.
Donaldson	Wicker
Calkins	Carson
Gordon	Harvey
Burford	Boulet
Decker, Case	Donovan

Field baskets, Donaldson 11, Calkins 8, Burford 1, Gordon 4, Harvey 2, Boulet 1; fouls, Donaldson 1, Carson 2. Referee, Walt. Reynolds, of Rhodes Bros.



EXCHANGES

"Nugget," your commencement cover is pleasing, but a better quality of paper would improve your appearance inside.

"Tattler," your arrangement in the November number might be improved upon.

"The Exponent," why not introduce some fiction?

"T. H. S. Bugle," ditto.

"Tahoma," excellent material, excellently arranged.

"Hillsdale Collegian," inside of your front cover is original and excellent, but where is your exchange column?

"Echo," you have some excellent material, but it is poorly arranged. Why not have fewer stories, if need be, but longer?

"The Owl," your fiction is excellent. "Julius Caesar" shows good work.

"Wa Wa," your cover is excellent, but not enough reading matter.

"Sentinel," we are glad to see a cover design having some connection with the title of the paper.

"Poly High," your exchanges are excellent, but couldn't you improve upon the size.

"Oregon Monthly," why not less fiction and some locals and exchanges?

H. O. (on way to Salem): "Red, what's the difference between you, a piano and a cigar?"

Hett. D.: "A piano makes music; a cigar makes you sick; and you make me sick."—Ex.

Alyce and Edythe sat out 'neath the treezes;

Alyce gave Edythe three tight little squeezes.

"Such blissness," says Edythe, her heart filled with joy;

"Oh, horror," said Alyce, "what if I were a boy."—Ex.

Mary had a little lamb;

You've heard this fact before;

But have you heard she passed her plate,

And had a little more.—Ex.

Mr. Peterson (in history): "Who was Xerxes?"

Clune: "He was the son of Darius."

Mr. Peterson: "Who was Darius?"

Clune: "He was the father of Xerxes."—Ex.

Teacher: "Give a characteristic of Ichabod Crane."

Pupil: "He was 'afraid to go home in the dark.'"—Ex.

A verdant-looking old fellow recently entered the office of a downtown woman's exchange, and after a moment's hesitation inquired of the lady in charge:

"Is this here a woman's exchange?"

"It is," replied the lady.

"Well," continued the countryman somewhat sheepishly, "I'd like to swap off my old woman for most anybody you happen to have on hand."—Ex.

"Help! help!" cried an Italian laborer near the mud flats of Harlem River.

"What's the matter there?" came a voice from the construction shanty.

"Quick! Bringa da shov'! Bringa da peek, Giovanni's stuck in da mud."

"How far in?"

"Up to hee's knees."

"Oh, let him walk out."

"No, no! He canna no walk. He wronga end up."—Ex.

Major: "What's the matter, Hinks; don't you know the color of unripe blackberries?"

Hineks: "I thought blackberries were red when they were green."—Ex.

Mr. Veatch: "What is the name of the country where children run wild, wear no clothes and have no schools?"

Nett L.: "Paradise."—Ex.

Common answers heard in recitations:

"Were you speaking to me?"

"I didn't hear your question."

"I don't understand what you mean."

"I didn't study that far."

"I can't see the board from here."

"Why, we didn't have that for today."

"That's as far as I got."

"I was absent yesterday."

"Where's the place?"

"I know it but I just can't express it in words."

"I studied the next chapter."—Ex.

"And so you have quarreled with your girl and it is all off?" asked Anderson of Gray.

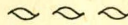
"Yes, she has sent back all my presents. But I got even with her. I had no presents to return, so I sent her a half dozen boxes of face powder, with a note explaining that I'd taken about that much home on my coat since I had known her."—Ex.

Ray O.: "Ah, Sadie, that is a pretty

waist you have on, but won't it soil easily?"

Sadie: "Oh, you needn't mind that."—Ex.

A learned coroner being asked how he accounted for the mortality during the past year, exclaimed: "I cannot tell; people seem to die this year that never died before."—Ex.



COMMERCIAL

We are glad to see new faces in our department. We hope that the new students will enter into the spirit of the school and that this may be a very profitable year to them and also to us.

Are you getting acquainted with the new students? If not, why not?

Miss Bertha Dixon, a last year's student, wishes to be remembered to all the students, and wishes them a happy and prosperous New Year.

Mr. Levi Eustis, one of our faithful students, was unable to return after the holidays, on account of trouble with his eyes.

Miss Ethel Sayre, another of our old students, has had a promotion. She is now employed in the Home Building Company's office, in the National Bank of Commerce building.

Miss Helen Grumbling is absent on account of illness in the family.

Mr. Neil Sterling, a last year's student, is in Yale, Michigan.

"Your business college for young ladies seems to be all right!"

"It is all right."

"Do you give the girls a good practical business training?"

"In reply to that question, I can only say that sixty per cent. of our graduates marry their employers the first year."

The election of officers for the second semester will be held in the Commercial room, Friday, Jan. 29th, at 11:55. Officers to be elected: President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer. Everyone please be sure to attend, as your assistance is needed. MISS CAWTHORNE, Sec.

The monthly social gathering of the Commercial Students was held in the Commercial Study Hall, Monday evening, Jan. 11th, from 8:00 to 10:30 o'clock. On account of the

severe weather, there was a small attendance, but those who were there say they enjoyed the evening very much. Games, charades, and the popping of corn afforded the pleasures of this very pleasant though informal gathering.

It is rather amusing to hear the men on the streets of Tacoma talk about the weather. One will say, "This is the coldest weather we have had in twenty years." Another man,

who perhaps has not been here so long, will say, "Eight years ago we had just such a spell of weather," and so on. But the young people do not stop to discuss when it was this cold, neither do they care, but go ahead and take advantage of the snow while it lasts.

Why not take the opportunities of life in the same way?

Mr. Nicholson enjoys the company of the "Happy Family" at the boarding club.



MRS. GRUNDY SAYS

Ask Mr. Fusselman why Vera got excused from going on the last botanical field trip.

T. N. (bowing low) "Good morning, Miss Mable Luke."

Miss L. (bowing low): "Good morning, Mr. Terrel Martin—Oh, I mean—I——"

Coach Ward: "I have never had much to do with girls."

Mr. Decker: "I led Y. W. the other day."

Mr. Crockett (at the phone, taking down the receiver): "Say, there's going to be a party tonight; will you—what? Number? Oh!! Why!

5474. O-o-o-h!"

M. C.: "I mean that little new girl—she's an H. C. S."

Ward says that he has \$2,500 life insurance now and is worth more dead than alive.

Paul Hitchcock (studying Ancient History): "Where is Attica?"

Jim Moore: "I guess there is one upstairs."

Miss A. (in Y. M. C. A. room, writing F. Pflaum's name): "P-f-l-a-u-m. Ugh! such a name. I wouldn't have it."

Mr. Pflaum: "Well, what are you kicking about—I haven't asked you to take it."

Mike was standing on the corner in Chicago when a well-dressed man rode up to him and dismounted, and in a commanding way said:

"Here, hold my horse."

Mike looked at the horse and then at the man and finally said:

"Sure, and can one man hold him?"

"Of course," came the gruff reply.

"Then hold him yourself," said Mike.

Miss M. (to Prof. Davis while stirring the tomatoes at the Dormitory): "Prof. Davis, are you assistant cook?"

Prof. Davis: "Yes, I am trying to be."

Miss M.: "Do you need any help?"

Prof. Davis: "No, I've gotten along 40 years alone; I guess I can get along the rest of the time."

INVITING HIS MOTHER.

The public spirited lady met the little boy on the street. Something about his appearance halted her. She stared at him in her near-sighted way.

The Lady: "Little boy, haven't you any home?"

Little Boy: "Oh, yes'm, I've got a home."

The Lady: "And loving parents?"

The Little Boy: "Yes'm."

The Lady: "I'm afraid you do not know what love really is. Do your parents look after your moral welfare?"

The Little Boy: "Yes'm."

The Lady: "Are they bringing you up to be a good and helpful citizen?"

The Little Boy: "Yes'm."

The Lady: "Will you ask your mother to come and hear me talk on 'When Does a Mother's Duty to Her Child Begin?' next Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the Lyceum Hall?"

The Little Boy (explosively): "What's the matter with you, ma? Don't you know me? I'm your little boy."

Moses: "Here is a beautiful opal for your Christmas, Rachel."

Rachel: "Vy, Moses, opals are so unlucky."

Moses: "Never mind, Rachel; this is only an imitation."

Two Irishmen standing on a wharf noticed a large anchor lying near a gang of workmen.

"Come on; let's go," said Pat.

"Not much," said Mike; "I'm waiting to see the man that'll handle that pick."

A young New Yorker was out in his runabout. He was steering the machine with one hand, while he had the other around her waist. They passed a field where a farmer was hoeing potatoes. The farmer watched them come, watched them as they were opposite and still watched them as they had gone by. The New Yorker noticed this and stopped the machine long enough to holler:

"Rubber, farmer; rubber."

The farmer was equal to the emergency, and shouted back:

"Rub her yourself, you've got your arm around her."

Thanks for the cold weather and heavy frosts; also for the vacation

we all had, for we see Prof. Pease lost his sideburns. Either the frost or vacation is to blame.

Two Jews coming over to America encountered a storm which was very severe.

Iky: "Captain is dere any hopes?"

Captain: "Not much."

Iky (a little later): "Captain, is der no hopes?"

Captain (angrily): "No, there isn't."

Iky (to his brother Moses): "Moses, Moses; the ship is sinking."

Moses: "Vell, you old fool, vat do ve care; ve don't own it."

TAKE NOTICE.

The management in looking for teresting and "useful" material for the January Maroon, happened to spy these rules and regulations in the room of "one" Mr. Freeman, at the U. P. S. dormitory. Take heed thou unfortunates:

"By-Laws U. P. S. Dorm. Art I, Sec. 1. No person shall split wood or kindling more than three times during the hours from 7:30 p. m. to 10:30 p. m. or during such other hours as the inmates of the dorm. acting as a committee of the whole may choose to include under the same restriction, unless special privilege has been granted by Scot Eichelberger, Jim Moore, Frank Wickman or Clifford Blood. It being understood the above provision does not relate to

Eichelberger, Prof. Davis, Frank Turner or the Thompson boys.

"Sec. 2. It shall be unlawful for Frank Turner to call at the top of his voice for his hatchet after 10 p. m.

"Sec. 3. Anyone found carrying away Frank Turner's hatchet shall be punished by exclusion from the next apple and candy feed.

"Sec. 4. It shall be unlawful for more than nine men to get in one room at the same time during the hours from 8 p. m. to 2 a. m.

"Sec. 5. No person shall under any provocation whatsoever wake Jim Moore before 11 a. m. on Sunday.

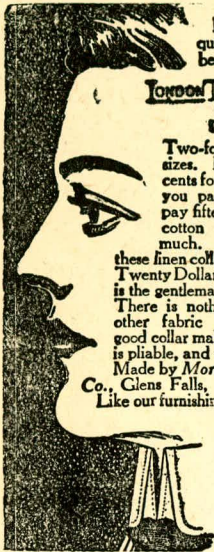
"Sec. 6. It shall be unlawful for one, Grover Burford, to call Frank Turner and Mark Freeman in tones audible a distance exceeding 300 yards at a later hour on Sunday night than 1 a. m. and ask "if they are in yet."

"Sec. 7. Anyone violating repeatedly any or all the above provisions shall be subject to exclusion from any game of "hot-hand" at any time night or day.

"Sec. 8. The above may be amended by a four-fifths vote of all members present and voting, provided said amendment is handed in, in writing at least ten weeks previous to balloting."

Signed COMMITTEE.

We cannot vouch for the authorship of the above, but we would request the "dorm. bunch" to look into affairs more closely.



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Not the regular kind that sells for 2 for 25c, but an all linen, 4 ply collar. If you try them once you will surely try them again. All styles, all heights, quarter sizes. You can get them at McCORMACK BROS. only.

Price, 2 for 25c. **\$1.40 per box**

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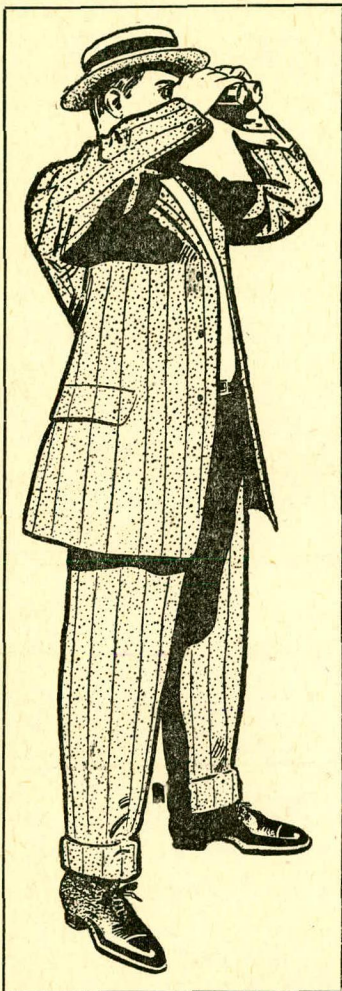
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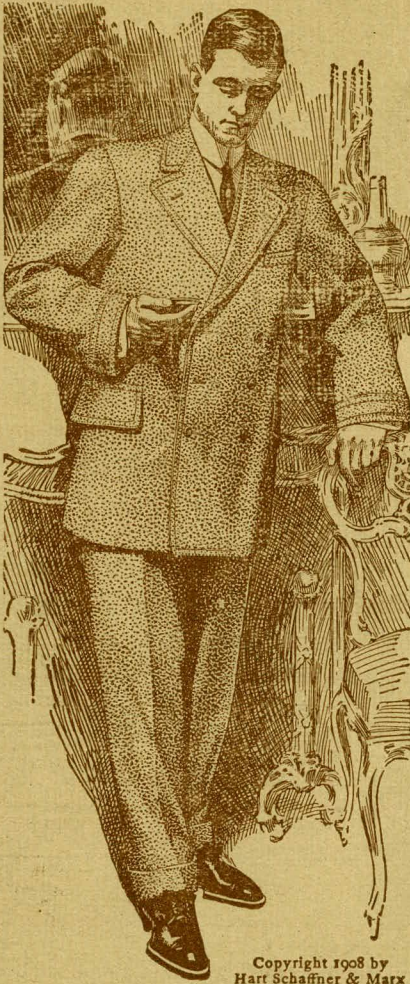
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